

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Ham Toast.—Mix with one tablespoonful of finely chopped ham the beaten yolk of an egg and a little cream and pepper. Heat over the fire and then spread the mixture on thin slices of hot buttered toast.—Christian Inquirer.

—Corn Custard Pudding.—Allow four tablespoonfuls of meal, two eggs, even tablespoonfuls of sugar, a scant tablespoonful of salt to a quart of milk. Scald the meal in a pint of the milk in the same manner as for the pie. Grate butter or use a little cinnamon oil—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Apple Omelet.—Beat separately a stiff froth the whites and yolks of four eggs. Cut the whites into the yolks, stirring in two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Turn into a larded frying pan and when it thickens spread quickly with apple sauce, sweetened to the taste. Fold the omelet, turn it upon the platter and serve hot.—Good Housekeeping.

—Rice Muffins.—Two cups of cold, boiled rice, two eggs, a little salt, a tablespoonful of melted butter, one cupful of sweet milk, and two cups of flour in which is sifted a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat all thoroughly and bake in gem tins. These are delicate and nice, but must be served as soon as baked, if left to stand are apt to fall.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Ham Croquettes.—One cupful of finely chopped cooked ham, one of bread crumbs, two of hot, mashed potatoes, one large teaspoonful of butter, three eggs, a speck of cayenne. Beat the ham, cayenne, butter and two of the eggs into the potato. Let the mixture cool slightly and shape it like croquettes. Roll in bread crumbs, dip in beaten egg and again in crumbs, put in the frying basket and plunge into boiling fat. Cook two minutes. Drain and serve.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Potato Soup.—Take two pounds of potatoes, wash, scrub and peel them, and cut in slices. Take two leeks, and shred them small. Put two ounces of fat in a stewpan, add the vegetables, put the stewpan on the fire and cook the vegetables for about five minutes. Then add two quarts of boiling water, pepper and salt to taste, and let all cook till it is soft enough to mash. Pass it through a wire sieve or colander. Return the soup to the saucepan, add one pint of milk. When it boils up sprinkle in two teaspoonfuls of crushed tapioca, and boil for ten minutes. This makes an excellent meal for children with some bread soaked in it.—Leeds Mercury.

—French Cream.—Four cupfuls of white sugar, one cupful hot water, flavor with vanilla; put the sugar and water in a bright tin pan on the range and let it boil about eight minutes without stirring; if it looks somewhat thick, test it by dropping some with a spoon; if it strings, put the pan on the table, taking a small spoonful and rubbing it against the side of a bowl; should it then be creamy and easy to roll into a ball between the fingers, pour the whole into the bowl and beat rapidly with a large spoon or porcelain potato masher. If it is not boiled enough to cream, replace it on the range, let it remain one or two minutes or as long as necessary, taking care not to let it cook too much. Add the flavoring, which need not be confined to vanilla, as soon as it begins to cool.—N. Y. Advertiser.

PINE BOUGHS AND KNOTS.

Fashionables Use Them for Decorations and Fun.

Pine boughs for their perfume and beauty, a knot to burn for their accumulated resin giving forth such wholesome odors, promise to be the fashionable luxury of the season in New York city houses. Bundles of pine boughs and barrels of pine knots are shipped to wholesale florist dealers, who immediately dispose of them in their well-patronized flower shops.

The boughs are a branch of three or more pine tassels, bristling with long brittle green needles, or there may be but a single staff, needle-decked, a young pine growth, the beginning of what might have been a giant pine tree as tall and straight as the mast of a ship.

Sold singly, when garnished with a bow, they bring a handsome price in the shop. In a deep corner vase or supported behind the corner of a picture frame they show forth in all the splendor of their vigorous beauty and fill the atmosphere with balmy fragrance.

The heat of a living chamber will quickly dry the glossy needles into pine straw, which may be broken into tiny bits to fill a pine pillow.

The pine knots are pieces of wood split from about gnarled places, and

made to grow at irregular intervals in the massive column of the pine trunk. These, when stripped of the rough brown bark of the tree, are found to contain a deal of accumulated resin, which oozes out and bubbles and sizzles when the wood is ablaze.

An open fire of pine knots, because of the chopping of the wood and shipping, costs as much as a fire of soft coal, or of perfumed wood, but the dry, wholesome, turpentine odor from the resin and the cheery flame, white, pink and blue, burning so brilliantly, holds much more benefit for worn nerves and sick people.—Detroit Free Press.

Curiosity of Eyesight.

An aged sea captain, whose home is in Philadelphia, is troubled with a peculiarity of vision which is common to all skippers and ships' officers of high rank who have had long experience on the sea. In this particular instance the captain complains that, through the long use of the telescope, the quadrant, and other instruments used in making calculations at sea, the sight has been drawn from the left eye into the one which peers so eagerly through the instruments. He says he can discern objects at an enormous distance with his right eye, but is scarcely able to read with his left. The tendency of nature to adjust itself to conditions is highlighted in these cases by the bright glare from the waters, which makes the strain on the eye especially trying.—Philadelphia Record.

SHE WAS A GOOD COOK.

At All Events She Made No Pretensions. That Events Did Not Justify.

The intelligence office keeper produced to the waiting lady a large woman. The lady gasped.

"Ow—what is your name?" she said gently.

"Bessie," growled the large woman.

"Ow—Bessie," sighed the little lady.

"Yes, Bessie, Mrs. Blumberg says you are a cook. I'm glad of that, Bessie. I want a cook. I suppose you make bread, Bessie? and soups, Bessie? Mr. Blank likes clear soups. You make clear soups, I suppose, Bessie? I like vegetable soups; but anybody can make vegetable soups. You make them of course, Bessie? We eat only simple things. You can cook simple things, Bessie? Yes, that's very nice.

"Do you know, Bessie, that our last cook—such a nice body, too, Bessie; her name was Lillie; she was not a colored woman, Bessie; I don't have colored servants, but her name was Lillie; she was Scotch, I think, Bessie—Lillie made very good pastry. What do you put in your pastry, Bessie?"

"Lard, mum," said Bessie.

"Ow—no, Bessie, not lard! Butter, Bessie, butter, not lard. But I'm sure you'll Bessie. You can do so many things. Mrs. Blumberg will give you directions, Bessie; and you'll come tomorrow, Bessie, won't you? Yes. Good-by, Bessie, until tomorrow. Good-by, Mrs. Blumberg." And the little lady floated out.

Whether or not Bessie went the next day does not appear; but she was at Mrs. Blumberg's five days later.—Chicago Times.

An Atom of Electricity.

According to a recent determination of Prof. Richter, the smallest possible quantity of electricity, which may be termed an atom of electricity, is such that four hundred and thirty multiplied by a million three times, that is, by the cube of a million, will give the number of these atoms contained in a coulomb. That such a thing as an atom of electricity exists is the opinion of no less an authority than Prof. Von Helmholtz.—Scientific American.

Flattery a Flat Failure.

Hobbes: You are crowned with beauty, dear.

Wife: That's all right, Charlie, but I've got to have a new winter bonnet just the same.—Detroit Free Press.

NOT HIS LUCK.

Regrets of a Man Whose Wife Would Not Command the Market Price.

Mr. Tompkins had been out the night before, and he hadn't heard the last of it yet. He was out in the library brushing his last winter's overcoat, and she was sitting before the fire with a newspaper in her hand. The relations between them were somewhat strained on account of the situation.

"Well, I suppose you will be out until midnight again."

"If I'm not in the broken that it may be later," was the broken response, as he scratched off a little mud.

"Yes, and I'm left all alone here every night. I tell you the men of the present age are getting to be veritable brutes. I was just reading in this morning's papers of a Chicago man who actually sold his wife for ten dollars."

"What?" shouted Mr. Tompkins, "can such a thing be possible?"

"Yes, and it's all so, too," replied Mrs. Tompkins, vehemently, as she thrust the paper toward him. She scented victory in the air.

Mr. Tompkins grabbed the paper nervously. His hands trembled as he read the article.

"It can't be true—yes, there it is—well, well, well," were some of the exclamations that fell from his lips as he read.

"Now, what have you to say for your base sex, Mr. Tompkins?" she asked, with scornful asperity.

Mr. Tompkins picked up his coat, and as he jerked it on, muttered: "Ten dollars—got the cash, too—damn some fellows' luck, anyhow."

The door slammed and he was gone.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A statue has just been erected at Dessau to the memory of Wilhelm Muller on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth. Wilhelm Muller was the father of Max Muller, the celebrated Oxford professor, and was, like his son, one of the most accomplished philologists of his time.

A Novelty.—Amateur Pop—"I've got a new baby at my house." Veteran Pop—"Is that so?" Amateur Pop—"You bet it is." Veteran Pop—"Well, you'll wish it was an old one before the winter is over."—Detroit Free Press.

"How did you vote in the election, Uncle Jim?" "I don't remember now, sah. Day war two gentlemen biddin' fo' me, en I ain't sh' of de ten dollar one war democrat, 'publican, or dez twixt en between."—Buffalo Express.

Morton—"Are you sure that Penman is really reconciled with his wife?" Crandall—"Yes, I am sure of it, for she reads what he writes and he eats what she cooks."—Truth.

CHILDREN'S GAMES OF ACTION.

In Which Little Folks Will Delight in the Little Folks Delight in Games of Action.

Jack Frost understands children pretty well, so he gives them plenty of lively exercise when he comes along. The leader need not describe the game beforehand to the players, but all may form in a large ring, and the children be divided into groups of ten. To each ten an adult should be assigned who can assist the little people should they need help in understanding the game as it progresses. Let each group face the center of the room, where the leader stands, and place each number one at the left end of each section.

The leader claps her hands together and calls out: "Where is Jack Frost?" A lad dressed (or not) to represent his icy kingship, runs around the ring and swings a wand touching number one of each section on the right hand. Each number one turns to the left and says to number two, "Jack Frost came this way." Number two asks, "What did he do?" Number one replies, "He nipped my right hand, oh!" Immediately number one shakes the right hand violently. Number two turns to number three and says, "Jack Frost came this way." Number three inquires, "What did he do?" Number two replies, "He nipped my right hand, oh!" Number two begins to shake violently its frost-bitten hand and number one continues the shaking. This goes on in the same way until number ten is reached. By that time everybody in the room is shaking a frosty right hand, which must be kept still shaking while Jack Frost again goes flying around the room and touches the left hand of each number one. Then, as before, number two is told by number one that Jack Frost came this way and that he nipped his or her left hand. Then, by the same process, word is carried by repeated questions and answers and hand-shaking to number ten, until everybody in the room is shaking two frost-bitten hands.

Jack Frost again flies around and nips the right foot of each number one, and a right foot is added to the shaking members. Then later a left foot; then two feet together, and the children are all shaking their hands and hopping up and down upon both feet. Then the right ear is nipped, and the hand-shaking and jumping go on with the head turned down upon the right shoulder. The left ear falls a victim and the head turns upon the left shoulder. The last round inquires, "Has Jack Frost bit you enough?" The reply is affirmative and the head jerks assent. It must be understood that at no moment during the entire game do the players cease from shaking each member that has been nipped with frost.—Ladies' Home Journal.

MEN WHO OWN CAR SEATS.

They are Highly Indignant When Their Rights are Transgressed.

Being a passenger daily on the cars that cross Brooklyn bridge, I have come to notice that certain men, who are also regular passengers, have certain seats which they apparently own, or have engaged by the year. At all events, they always make a rush for them, and usually come in ahead of all competitors.

This is particularly noticeable on the train that crosses the bridge from the New York side at forty minutes past two o'clock in the morning.

There is a short, stocky-built man, of a little past middle age, whom I see every morning. He comes down on the Sixth avenue "L," gets off at Park place and makes a dash for the bridge as if he were a burglar—or a Lexow witness—with the police in hot pursuit.

The seat he owns is the corner seat on the left hand side of the forward car. He knows to an inch where the car will stop, and, having arrived at the platform, takes his stand there with the regularity and precision of a Roman sentinel.

Nine times out of ten he is the first passenger aboard the car and secures his seat. If he misses it he takes the one opposite it. If he misses that also he doesn't enjoy his trip across the bridge at all; looks as though he had been cheated out of his rights and fidgets about uneasily.

If he only lives long enough he will acquire a right to the seat by prescription, and it will descend legitimately to his posterity.

When he gets the seat he settles back in it and looks contented and happy.

It was some time before I noticed that a certain fat man owns the fourth seat from the rear end of the forward car on the right hand side. If he happens to be late he has no difficulty in securing it.

A little boy had greeted his grandfather with a very politely expressed birthday greeting. The old gentleman thanked him, but being of a facetious turn, felt bound to ask a question: "And why do you hope that I may have many happy returns of the day?" he inquired. "Cause you always give me something," answered the innocent Tommy.—Chicago Record.

One Boy's Reasoning.

At a school the other day during the Bible lesson, which was about Moses, the teacher asked one of the boys: "Why was Moses hidden by his mother among the bulrushes?" "Because she didn't want him to be vaccinated," replied the boy.—Toledo Blade.

Berosus says that wheat grew wild in Mesopotamia; Strabo says that it was found growing wild on the Indus; Homer thought that Sicily was its native home, while in our own time Buland found it wild on Mount Sigylus, in Asia Minor.

—Gittin' Bawled!—is meeting with a terrific amount of abuse on his last column. "Yes, The critics caught him trying to surreptitiously ring in an idea in one of his poems."—Washington Star.

The toad captures insects by darting out its tongue so rapidly that the eye can not follow the motion. The tip is covered with a glutinous secretion, to which a fly or other small insect adheres.

The land tortoises of many countries bury themselves in the mud at the bottoms of the streams and marshes on the approach of winter, and also, it is said, at the coming of a protracted drought.

One crown or wearing passengers like the center rush on a football eleven.

I have never known him to lose it but on three occasions, each of which times he sat directly opposite and glared at the incumbent all the way, as though he had half a mind to dispossess him.

There are several other men who own seats on this train and who are highly indignant when their property is trespassed on.

When one is feeling good natured it is rather funny to see old men rushing for seats like trained wild animals, but when one is tired and cross it is actually exasperating. I suggested the same to a friend one night.

"Why," said he, "the fact is, I have a pet seat myself, that I always try for coming from Brooklyn to New York, though I never think of it when I am going the other way."—Boston Globe.

In a Position to Know.

"Talk about hard times," said the fat man with the big diamond, "there are business men in this city of whom I have reason to believe that they are starving—or at least do not have enough to eat at home."

"How do you figure that out?" "Well, you see, I run a free lunch in connection with my bar."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

The Indian Believes in It Now as Strongly as Ever.

A belief in spirits has always been a point of the Indian's faith. He has his mediums just the same as the white man, who has remitted to him supposed messages from the Happy Hunting ground, the Indian's heaven. It is related by one of the earliest pioneers that he once took an "untutored savage" and stood him in front of a looking-glass, the first the Indian had ever seen. The Indian looked for some moments intently at the glass, when he said in slow, measured tones: "I am looking now into spirit land," or words in his own language to the same effect.

There is a tradition of the Columbia river Indians which illustrates the belief of the aborigines in the activity of the spirits of their departed friends.

The greatest demigod of all was Speeloyal, the coyote. At one time the people were dying at a rapid rate, and there was great mourning. Waiama, the eagle, who had lost many friends, was told by Speeloyal that the dead would not always remain in spirit land, but, like the brown and dead leaves of autumn, would come to earth again with the opening buds and flowers of spring. Waiama was not willing to wait until spring, and persuaded the coyote to go with him to spirit land and bring them back at once. After many days they came to a great water, on the other side of which was a large village.

Spirits conducted them across the water, and they entered the principal house of the village, which was lighted by the moon; this luminary was guarded by a monster frog that had jumped to it from the earth. Speeloyal killed the frog and swallowed the moon, leaving the house in darkness. In the confusion that ensued, waiama caught the spirits and confined them in a large box. Speeloyal put the box on his shoulders, and the two invaders started back for the land of the living.

Soon the spirits in the box began to come to life, and Speeloyal's burden grew too heavy for him to carry. Thinking they were so far from the spirit land that the ghosts could not find their way back again, Speeloyal lifted the lid and let them out. They vanished immediately and returned to the land of the dead. Waiama was much disappointed, but said when the buds opened in the spring he would try again; but the coyote said it was better to let the dead remain where they were. Had not Speeloyal opened the box, the dead would now come to life every spring, according to the belief of those who put their faith in the legend.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Not the Proper Place.

A Worcestershire vicar gives a curious experience, which is well worth relating. It was his custom to point his sermons to either "Dearly beloved brethren," or "Now, my brothers," until one day a lady member of the congregation took exception to this and asked him why he always preached to the gentlemen and never to the ladies.

"My dear lady," said the beaming vicar, "one embraces the other." "But not in church!" was the reply of the astonished lady.—London News.

It is said that the history of wheat cultivation in this country shows a steady decrease. Fields in New York that formerly produced twenty to thirty bushels an acre now bring from seven to twelve. The falling off is due to lack of proper cultivation.

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Munson and Namara
123 & 127 Main Street

EVERY LADY

May have a different idea about a bargain sale, but all those that come tomorrow will find something to please. It's remnant day; also, about twenty dress patterns carried over from last spring will be added to the sale at about one quarter former prices. We are out to sell these goods at some price. Cost is made a plaything.

The Dissolution Cash Sale makes swift selling.

Munson and Namara

PEARCE FURNITURE CO.
126 N. Main.

and a full line of seasonable goods will be found at

BRADFORD'S
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GOING OUT OF BUSINESS
SELLING OUT EVERYTHING

I intended to have closed up the store on January 1st. Have so many shoes left don't know what to do with them. Must continue the sale this month of January. Many goods in the store you can get at your own price. Have a splendid line of Fine Shoes in narrow widths for Ladies, for Children, for Gents. Also a fine line of GENTS' PATENT LEATHER, in all widths. A large lot of HEAVY SHOES for Gents, Ladies and Children.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY

your Shoes for the whole year. The best chance you will ever have to buy GOOD SHOES at such LOW PRICES.

The best line in the state of Children's and Ladies RUBBERS and ARCTICS. You can buy the best quality for less than you pay for common ones at other stores—and one pair of good rubbers will out last three common ones.

REMEMBER—We have no price on the goods, as we want to sell all we can this month, bring what they will.

MANHATTAN SHOE STORE,
320 Douglas Avenue.17 PLUMS SATURDAY
For 8 American Dollars Each.

They are all we have left of some large lots of "H. & H." good overcoats. The cut, make and finish are ALL RIGHT; the fit is perfect, and the material is the BEST AMERICAN manufacture.

Not an Inch of Imported Fabric in the Lot.

No. 1 is a steel mixed Tivola Kersey, size 36; Recent price and actual value \$18.00

No. 2 is a black Auburn Melton size 40; Recent price and actual value \$18.00

No. 3 is a flannel lined black Thibet cheviot, size 40; Recent price and actual value \$18.00

No. 4 is a light mode Brunswick, Kersey, size 40; Recent price and actual value \$18.00

Eos, 5, 6 and 7 are black Riverside Worsteds, sizes 38, 39, 40; Recent price and actual value \$18.00

Nos. 8, 9 are blue, Deep pile Beaver size 36 and 40; Recent price and actual value \$18.00

Nos. 10, 11, 12, 13 are stylish Oxford Melton, size 35, 38, 40, 42; Recent price and actual value \$18.00

Nos. 14, 15, 16 are brownish gray Ballylaren frieze, 34, 38, 39; Recent price and actual value \$18.00